Reconnection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9809276.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Nudity, Hand Jobs, Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 22 of HanniGram One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-18 Words: 1,539 Chapters: 1/1

Reconnection

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will and Hannibal reunite a few years after the fall (WARING: Hand jobs and Nudity)

Notes

A/N This was going to be fluffy but got kind of smutty \ (^. ^)/

The ocean pulled them apart as they hit the water. Both washed onto different shores, half alive. Hannibal was found, curled in on himself trying to stop the gunshot from bleeding, by a kind old woman that had no clue who, or what, he was. She helped him to her small cottage and cleaned his wounds carefully but skillfully.

Will managed to steal a pick-up from a nearby home and drive to one of Hannibal's safe houses. There were passports for Hannibal, Abigail, and himself. He wanted us to run away together, Will thought sadly. He grabbed a first-aid kit and stitched himself up as best he could. He took a shower to wash of the dried blood, then walked to the large closest. He grabbed a sweater that looked like one of Hannibal's ridiculously expensive ones and some jeans. He got dressed and pulled out their passports, his said Michael Turning. Out of pure curiosity he pulled out one of Hannibal's passports, Lucan Turning. He laughed, they truly were going to be murder husbands. If he could find Hannibal, he frowned. He grabbed his passports and some clothes, tomorrow he'd leave the country.

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Hannibal stayed with the kind old woman, Ethel, for a couple weeks. promising to return when he found his beloved. Then headed to the safe house, hoping Will was there. He was greatly disappointed when he didn't find Will. However, Will's passport was missing and a piece of paper stuck in his:

Had to get out of the country. I'm not going to tell you exactly where I went, in case Jack finds this before you. -Will

PS The museum was beautiful

The museum, that was the hint. Hannibal tapped his fingers on the table then it hit him like a freight train, Florence. Will went to Florence.

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Two years later,

Will went to the museum everyday hoping that Hannibal figured out his hint. He would sit at the same painting every day and get lost in his mind palace until the night watchmen would come sit with him and talk of art, love, life, death, anything to pass the time. As far as the man knew Will's name was Michael Turning, awaiting the return of his husband, Lucan. Which was kind of true, except, they weren't married.

That week he gave up on finding Hannibal, he was either dead or didn't figure out the hint. That night he sat at the local bar swishing the whisky in his glass contemplating his next move, then he saw him walk by the bar window. Will dropped a few bills on the table and rushed out of the bar. He weaved in and out of the people on the sidewalk until he thought he was in ear shot, "Lucan!"

Hannibal stopped at the call of his fake name and turned toward the sound. Will stood with a broad smile on his face when Hannibal spotted him. Hannibal smiled too, and walked to him. Will met him half way pulling the older man into a crushing hug. Hannibal laughed and laid his head on Will's shoulder, wrapping his arms around Will's waist. They both had watery eyes and broad smiles as they clutched on to each other. Hannibal was the first to speak, "God I missed you"

"I missed you too." Will whispered.

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Hannibal and Will walked hand in hand back to Hannibal's beautiful home on the edge of town. Hannibal made dinner, they ate, feet entangled under the table and knees touching, neither entirely should the other was real. After dinner they resigned to the living room Will curled against Hannibal with a happy sigh and questions on his mind. Will looked up at Hannibal, the older man's hair was longer and was more silvery-white then blond, he had deep crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, but his eyes, god his eyes, they never changed. Without a second thought Will gently sat up and connected their lips. Hannibal let out a soft noise before leaning into the kiss and pulling Will closer. Will responded by running his fingers through Hannibal's hair, tugging it a little as he neared his neck. Will used the corresponding gasp to deepen the kiss, Hannibal tasted like wine and home. Hannibal moved his lips down to Will's neck, nipping at his pulse. Will tightened the hand in the older man's hair and moaned as Hannibal sucked livid marks on his throat. Will pulled on Hannibal's suit trying to get to his body. At the same time Hannibal grabbed both sides of Will's flannel and ripped it open causing button's to fly everywhere. The older man moved his lips to the younger man's chest kissing and licking his way to Will's hip bone.

"Bed" Will panted. That simple word caused Hannibal to growl and pick Will up off the couch bridal style and carry him to his bed. Will let out a yelp as he was tossed on the bed and covered by a very hard, very eager cannibal. He successfully removed Hannibal's top layers of clothing and flipped them sitting back just enough to see the blonde haired man's body. Will ran his hand's over Hannibal's upper body, looking over his scars. Many more had blossomed since their fight with the Red Dragon. Hannibal sat up to remove Will plaid shirt kissing each area of skin he revealed. Will hummed with content pleasure as Hannibal licked his nipple. Will unbuckled both their pants and rubbed there cocks together. The both moaned at the sweet, sweet friction. Will wrapped a hand around both there cocks rocking his hips. Hannibal put a hand over Will's and they both rocked there hips bring them both to a state of pure ecstasy. Spilling there release over there hands. Will drooped against Hannibal, "I missed you"

Hannibal let out a small laugh, "You have no clue how long I've wanted to hear you say that."

Will tucked his head under Hannibal's chin and wrapped his arm's around him similar to the cliff. Hannibal's breath caught in his throat as Will leaned forward to lay them down. Hannibal grabbed Will with all his strength, in his mind they had just fell off the cliff again. When Will looked at Hannibal he saw tears in his eyes.

"Hannibal, hey, look at me," Will ran a his hand over Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal looked at Will as a stray tear ran down his cheek, "I'm right here. We're in Florence, Italy. It's 11:00 pm

at your home."

Hannibal laughed despite the tears, "Quite the roll reversal."

Will laughed and kissed his nose, "Better?"

"Much, thank you."

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"William?"

"Yes?"

"I have a friend that would like to meet you," Will raised his eyebrow, "She is the kind lady who saved me after the cliff and she will be here in about two minutes"

Will smiled, "I would love to meet her as well so I can properly thank her."

The door bell rang and Hannibal walked briskly to the front door. Will fixed his hair and met them in the living room. Hannibal smiled and Will, "Micheal this is Ethel, Ethel this is my boyfriend Micheal"

Will turned bright red when Hannibal called him his boyfriend, "Nice to meet you, Ethel."

Ethel walked over to Will and put a hand on each side of his face pulling him down to her height. Hannibal stifled a laugh while she turned his head this way and that all the while Will looked absolutely terrified. Ethel nodded and released Will, "He's very handsome man, Lucan."

"I thought so, too." Hannibal smirked lacing Will's finger's with his own. Will rubbed the back of his neck with the other hand, feeling his face heating up. Will cleared his throat, "Would ah... would anybody like drink?"

Ethel smiled, "Just water dear."

"Nothing for me, thank you," Hannibal kissed his cheek as Will walked away. Will walked to the kitchen to retrieve the water and returned to join the conversation in the living room. They talked for the afternoon until Ethel excused herself to go home for the night. Hannibal walked her to her car. Then, made them dinner.

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"Where did you go, after we fell off the cliff?" Hannibal asked Will.

"Stole a car, went to the safe house, and came to Florence. You?" Will said.

"Ethel practically had to drag me of the beach, -luckily she used to be a surgeon- fixed me up pretty good, then I also went to the safe house, found your note, came here, and sat at the museum for three hours a day for months." Hannibal sighed pulling Will to lay with him.

Will laughed, and Hannibal looked at him as though he had grown a second head "I sat at the Primavera every evening for the past two years, Hannibal. I even befriended the night watchman."

Hannibal's eyes softened at Will's admission and pulled him into an extremely tender kiss, "Oh Will"

Will felt cold tears slid down his cheek as he and Hannibal kissed. Hannibal way the first to pull back using his thumbs to wipe away Will's tears. Will took Hannibal's hands in his own, "You have no fucking clue how much I love you."

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